#### MOTHERHOOD.

I hold within my arms to-day A priceless bit of mortal day; Divinely fashioned, and so fair The angels well may kinship si

My soul with gratitude is filled: My heart with mother love is thr My eyes brim o'er with newborn. While gazing on my cherub boy.

O, precious one: through tears I see A mighty task awaiting me: My happy sky grows overcast— Life's duties loom so grand, so vast.

To shield from wrong, to right incline This little life now linked to mine, Divine the gift. Oh, may the mould A heart of truth and honor hold.

Help me, kind Heaven, to know the way From out the tangles of each day. To guide him safe to manhood's prime, And all the giory shall be Thine.

—Mrs. M. E. Prott, in Good Housekeeping.

#### "QUEEN" ANTOINETTE.

Why She Was Not Buried in the Far West

TOUGH CASE, CAL., Sept. 17. DEAR NORA-Your letter has reache me at last, which through mere caretessness passed and repassed this new bome I've found in the West. So you seem astonished that I should still find my "wild dream" so much to my fancy when once I have had full experiences of the good and the bad? Well, Nora, I'll tell you how 'twas that I came to shun the world's homage and bury my name forever from sight.

After Charlie came home from his hard life of study in Naples and Rome. it seemed to me somehow that there was a change in his manner toward me -perhaps it was strange that I noticed at all his indifferent way; but lovers engaged-are quite aut to display more pointed attention than he cared to (and we were engaged then, dear Nora, you know, and were to have married that winter). His eyes would rove from my features, and searching the ould seek out a star looking most like the one he was wont to gaze on when his studies were done—away off in Italy! Then he would sigh as he spoke of the azure that vaulted the sky, and the long, perfect days compared to which ours are grizzled and gray and gloomy. The hours dragged dully was beside me-oh, me! Th sighs that I noticed were signs one could see without the fond eyes of a lover!

One day he came in as usual-simply to pay his respects and to ask after me. I came down dressed in that stylish gres grain morning gown (you remember I loaned you the pattern, my child?). He looked at me earnestly, fondly, then smiled, and laying his hand kindly on my blonde head-"Lit-tle Toinette," he softly and tenderly said. "I came, dear, to ask a strange question to-day and to tell you 'tis bet ter that I go away—back to Rome an to Naples. And, furthermore, dear-

Charlie!" I cried, word will I hear more than those you have uttered! If you care to go, no mere word of mine—no 'yes' or no 'no' will affect your plans in the least—so, good-day!" And full of the bitterest anger away from his presence I marched in my stateliest tread and threw myself down on my

fittle white bed to sob out my grief.
Oh, the week that I passed! And then how the terrible news came at last that Charley had really sailed off to Rome, and my nunt said: "The goodness knows when he'll come home!" and "Such people never know when they're well off!" But I was too heart-sick and sorry to scoff at the only kinswoman I have upon earth—for you know that my dear mother died at my birth, and papa soon after—but just moped about until the cold weather had worn itself out, and spring came

Then one day I chanced to read in a greatly distressed at want of a teacher for their little ones-the miners themseives, and their daughters and sons. I pounced on the paragraph, took it to aunt, who said in her own dry, terse way that "You shan't think of it, even! What, you, you young child, go out to a country so savage and wild-where Lears and papooses and Indiana rove by thousands through every dark sugartree grove! What, you, Antionette, your pale angel-face-a rich heiressat that—teach a rough-living race for humanity's sake?" and her Sevres cup trembled violently. Of course she gave up-in due time-and, in the soft Auril weather, my aunt and I came away out West together-and we've been here five months.

I wish you could see our little log eabin beneath a pine tree, which the miners have fashioned as well as they could and walled it and trimmed it with every known wood the forests of old California could boast! And the miners themselves! A regular host met us when aunt and I "landed." There came from among them a wo-Blizzers"-and welcomed us to their rude town, while the men stood about shame-faced, awkward and brownbig, tall sturdy giants afraid, dear,

We went home with Nancy, who made us our tea-I call it that, dear, by the time of the day, though there wasn't a leaf from the realms of Cathay within many odd miles!

The next day I went to the "school they'd made for me out of a tent, and I almost laughed, Nora (and almost cried, too), when a big-fisted man showed me what he could do, and spelled "baker" proudly, correctly, and said: "I've got to two syllabubs, haven't I, now, Ned?"

"Why, that's nice, I answered him, ouched in the heart I thought Charlie took with him. "I'll do my part, and before summer's gone you'll be reading, trust

"Thunder!" said Ned, who was tall prize. as a tree and straight as an arrow.

Again the red sun sank away in the Wore
"Thunder?" said I; "why, I see no skies of crimson and gold over there in ciety.

storm clouds at all in the sky, and one

must have lightning before thunder sounds, and there's been no flash."

I heard some one say "Zounds, she's an angel, boy—'war 'o yer blarsted loose tongue—ye know how't kin blarspheme when wonst it is brung ter the p'int!" And, Nora, though I've overp'int!" And, Nora, though I've over-heard blood-curdling language and many a word sworn once and again when they thought me away, they never so much as a "thunder" will say when my presence is with them. And now, Nora dear, I'll describe just a few of my good pupils here. There's "Four-teenth Street" who, having left a bad teenth Street" who, having left a bad wife, came out in despair for the rest of his life—and he is called "Forty," for short! Then here's "Sin," a meek little fellow, short, faded and thin. The "Gent from Arkansas" comes next on my list—broad-shouldered, with such a gigantic, hard fist. "Deacon Ben," a queer genius who drinks more than any, and who is more frightened at me, dear, than many soberer, stead-ier men-and I trust that kind Providence, always loving and just, will give me a chance once to frighten him o that the road to the bar 'll be the one he won't go! I think if I can not talk him to reason I'll enact a white specter

at the best for a season, and waylay him at night; my pupils all say this will be the surest and likeliest way. So you see we have "romances." Speaking of these, I'll tell you a romance I'm quite sure will please your fastidious taste. Before "act" or "seene" I must tell you that Antoinette here is called "Queen;" the cog-nomen started somehow with the men, and they would have it so, though again and again I have told them 'twas

Scene first shows a tree-a sovereign disconsolate-recognize me; and lear ng thereon as she sits at its foot with her head on her hand and her arm on root musing full bitterly; for, my good friend, my life isn't sunshine be ginning or end.

Away in the distance the white mountain peaks lose themselves up in cloudland; while purplish streaks, barred with crimson and gold flame bright in the sun which kissed the Sierras, now his course was run, in loving "farewell!" The dark pines over head moaned in the soft wind the words that I said to Charlie, again and again. The stream, as bright heretofore as a brook in a dream, flowed, sullen and brown, down low in the gorge; the orange light flamed from Tir lowses' forge like a faint mirrored "refleet" thrown down from the sky. Th evening a picture in harmony; I, with my stifled bewailing, a blot on the ne; my life in its autumn, while fresh living green around me and o'er ne its canopy spread from the moss a my feet to the horizon's red. Groups here of young miners, groups there of old—all rocking the cradles that bring them their gold

And soon will come twilight. I rise from my feet and, trampling the emer ald grass 'neath my feet, go loitering along the one "street" of the town to where my own cabin stands. Aunt ha frown on her angular features.

"My, Antoinette. Heaven knows i it's wrong, dear, to send you—but, yet, there's a duel in prospect—you surely must go—the 'Gent from Arkan-sas' and 'Hatchet-faced Joe' are at odds you will find them both down at the

"To be sure, aunt," I answer. The latch gives a "click" and I am soon down at the stream-side. You'll think it "strangely ridiculous," Nora, you'd shrink at the name of a duel-well, once so would I! But now I go boldly to where I descry a knot of men, blac looking 'gainst the gray gloom, but ere I approach them I see that the doom of

quick, instant death is averted. "It's Queen, it's Queen Antoinette, they all cry; "hev ye seen a rum-look-in' fellar, a buntsman o' style, who wars reg'lar boots and whose har smells o' ile! And whose linning rizbuns hev buttons o' gold—gay fox— like 'nuff—about thirty years old?"

"Not I," I say solemnly; "what I came for was to ask you two men here new spaper, through which I glanced the cause of this war—I heard that a goods, gloves, laces and shoes—the to take my thoughts off from myself.)

If was in jeopardy—shame! Let cowhow out West a settlement was then ards, not brave men, sirs, play at that that a goods, gloves, laces and shoes—the handsomest articles—(you can't refuse?) for which find the inclosed. Direct them, "Tough Care," wife of Charles

I never can tell why these men show such fear of my own insignificant pres-ence. I bear low mumurs of "all right;" "I'll be ---;" "no sir-eeright; "I he -; "no sir-se-catch me a-pullin' a trigger at he."
"Shill I go bust my brains out agin that there stun, or what shill I do for repentance?" asks one. Says the other "Jist order me suthin' to do—."

"Thank you, my friends; I am satis fied. Who was the stranger you spoke

"Can't say for sartin" " answers a old man by name "Nosey Martin." "Ter jedge by his looks he were sum mat a swell-but I fash me if Dandy Sleeve a ere jest as well as his mother wish him! He kem to the town and stopped at the crick. lookin' squarely and roun'. Then, said he, a winin' hi head with his han's, 'fust rate-nuggets yer findin' in this yer bit o' lan'?"
"Jest middlin',' I answered. Then

waitin' a space, an' seein' a wonder some look on his face, I perceeded ter tell him who lived hereabouts. I'd jest named you, Queen, when them than blarsted shouts o' 'Hatchet-faced Joe' put an end to our gab. We harkened a bit to the furse. With the blab of a parson at full blast Dandy-Sleeve spoke as considerin' sich murder a number one joke for men to be playin

"He stopped you then?" "Don't ask mc. Queen Antoinette, tackle them men! He lecktered severely, and while we was skeered at his elokence. like enough, Dandy Sleeve cleared!"

"He's gone then?" I answer. "Goodnight, friends, good-night!" and up through the darkening gloaming take flight and reassure auntie.

Well, Nora, next day a nugget found by "Sir Boston Bluejay." itement took hold of these pupils of mine and books were at discount. The nugget was fine and larger than any they'd found at that place. So the diggings took holiday-scattered apace or clustered together to talk of their

the west. I sat down to dream out the dream I loved best—of course, 'twas of Charlie. Was he in Rome? Or had he come back to his 'Toinnette's old home and found her away? What use were these dreams? you'll ask me, my Nora.

Wild will-o'-wisp gleams of hope for the future, with Charlie's dear arm supporting me ever— There came an alarm from the forest's deep heart a voice on the air cried:
"Clear the way, miners! Take

Queen, there, and her aunt from the cabin! Lead them up high-far up the Sierras-the fever is nigh! I'm bring ing a stranger—a man near his death with the demon of typhus!" Deacon Ben's breath gave up after this, and he stood far apart from the miners, whose children and wives from the start of his ery had huddled in terror.

My aunt went straight to the "Dea fashion, and, spite of their fears, brought him into our cabin. The stranger's hot tear's baptized our hands

lovingly. Ah, well a day! The romance ends itself in the usual way! I went straight to Auntie—she 'cowned, then she smiled—"I knew you, young scape grace—my own darling child! 'Sh. he's sleeping! Come closer; there now.

Toinette, look well at him, darling!

I'll never forget till the day of my death how I leaned o'er the face on the hot, tumbled pillow and noted the graces of his exquisite features, comparing the lines of his brow-fever flushed-with those of the mer of the mines, with their plebeiar features. Deacon Ben came to quire for the stranger." giving his name as young Dandy-Sleeve, who hed settled the fray the previous evenin'. I found him away down thar in the gulches a-talkin' so queer that, Queen. l jest went up a purpose to hear—what kissin' my hand, are ye—old Ben *mus* blubber—I ain't—sure—I ain't nothin but an ole lubber—goo—good-bye!' and he left no

The heart that I thought away off in Naples-uncared for, unsought-came back with a bound, and I gave it away to the unconscious sleeper! 'Twas un fair, you say, to treat Charlie so? And Nora, you grieve that I gave my heart over to young "Dandy-sleeve." Suppose through the long nights of watel ing you'd heard your own name called brokenly and every word a term of endearment? Saw the arms stretch in agonized emptiness? Heard the poor wretch crave pardon for what was your fault—not his own—would your heart be as adamant, marble, or stone! Mine wasn't. I remember one more ing, 'twas just about dawn, I watche him a moment while auntie was gone to get him some cool drink. He opened his eyes and gazed in my face in a dreamy surprise.
"Darling," I whispered—now, Nora

ion't start, you know I would follow my impulsive heart! "Rest, darling be quiet. Forgive me, please, dear, can guess what a wild goose chase has brought you out here—and the goose, sir, is captive—no words from you, now!" and pushing the dark, bonny locks from his brow. I peered into his eyes. Such a world full of joy came from their brown depths! "Now, be a

good boy, and rest you!" Well, Nora, the rest is soon told. Sir Boston's Bluejay's mammoth nugget of gold was given next week to the "Queen." The prayer came with it, that our "Queen" should stay in the air of the mountains and marry the young Dandy-Sleeves before the utumn had colored the leaves.

I turn to my hero-"Well, Dandy Sleeve, dear, shall we stay with our subjects the rest of the year?"

"Vive la reine, love," he answers; "yes, stay till Jack Frost has shown that his feet o'er the mountains have crossed—then ho! for Italy—glorious Rome-where I've for the past year been making a home; where once l tried, darling, to ask you to go—but you stopped me abruptly!" So, Nora, you know we are married.

So, Nora, you know we are married And would you please do this for me Go down town to Stewart's and buy what you see quite stylish in dress goods, gloves, laces and shoes—the handsomest articles—(you can't refuse?) them, "Tough Case," wife of Charles "Dandy-Sleeve," - "Queen Toinette" of that place.

My auntie sends love, dear; and don't fret, or waste sympathy on old friend, ANTOINETTE.

—Eva Best, in Detroit Free Press your old friend,

# A Royal Practitioner.

Europe can boast of an exceptional ly large number of royal litterateurs at oment; but the number of royal "selentists" is much more limited; an it is safe to say that Duke Charles Theodore, of Bavaria, is the only memer of a reigning family who h nalized himself by the publication of a scientific treatise. The brother of the Empress of Austria has long been a nember of the medical profes which he qualified like any other young loctor, the only difference being that he passed his examinations rather more creditably than the majority of the vho enter the profession for a living And, what is more, he is in large and regular practice as a physician in Vienna; his clientele being, however, composed exclusively of patients to poor to pay a doctor's fee. He has made outtha'm a in its various forms his specialty, and the little work to which he has just put his name is a treatise on the anatomy and surgery of the eye. It seems to be a really respecterformance, and its appearance is said to have created quite a "sensa tion" in the medical world of Vienna.

-A seventeen-year-old boy at Albany, Ore., during his short career has had his right leg broken twice, his arm broken twice, his collar-bone broken, and two of his ribs broken, besides number of minor injuries too numeror o mention. He was just recovering from a recent injury when, the other day, while wrestling with some boys, he slipped and fell, breaking a bone in

-Thomas-H. Dodge has given a one thousand-dollar lump of gold to the Worcestor, (Mass.) Natural History So

FISH CULTURE.

n and Advice to 7

I am almost daily in receipt of in-quiries of "How may I best obtain practical information on the cultiva-tion of fish?" First of all, I recommend reading so far as possible, good works on the subject. By so doing you will be saved many vexations and trials, and avoid the failures and mistakes made by those who were obliged to learn by hard study and experience. When I first began practical fish cul-ture I had but very little of this literature to guide me, and consequently it sometimes took me considerable time to work out problems which now apear very simple.

pear very simple.

After you have informed yourself about the necessary requirements for success, commence by obtaining a few spawn or fish, and make your first experiments in a small way. Although you may be well versed theoretically, ou will find, in attempting to make in actual application of your knowledge, that you will meet with obstacles that you did not know of before; in other words, you must educate your hands as well as your head to do the

Commence in a small way, and con duct your first experiments as cheaply as possible. "But why?" you may "I have read up thoroughly or the subject, and the path seems clear enough. Why let a year go by without doing work that will amount to some thing?" My friend, could you reason-ably expect to read how to make a clock, or any other piece of machinery, and then sit down and make it. There are, undoubtedly, geniuses who are able to do this, but they are the ex-ception and not the rule. The chances are even that you will make some fata mistake the first season, and your experience will be just as valuable, and not nearly so expensive, if you start on a small scale. A great deal can be learned by visiting some establishment which is in successful operation, and the observations made there will be of great vaule to the beginner.

Many failures occur through the im pression that fish culture is so very simple. This is a great mistake, as to conduct it successfully requires constant attention, the same as any other business. The value of experimenting and making practical tests can not b too highly estimated. There are so many things which to your vision look clear and practicable, which an actual trial will prove to be useless. Theoret ically they may be true, but practically failures. I have many times caught an idea which seemed to be just the thing and must prove a success, and found was wrong, so that my usual plan nor is, when I undertake to solve a difficult problem, to have several different ex periments under way at the same time ad among them will be some which had made up my mind would be certain failures, and many times some one of these would be just the thing I wanted.

There are many waters of which it is mpossible to tell whether certain fish will live in them without putting som in and giving them a trial, as, for instance, if any one wishes to stock i stream with trout, and says that it is im pregnated with some sort of mineral haps iron or sulphur-of course b would have no way of knowing ho strong the waters were impregnated, or just what degree of strength the fish could endure; and so I always advise placing a few in the waters in question as a sure means of ascertaining. Of course there are certain kinds of fish which, if deposited in waters having the necessary temperature, depth, bot-tom, etc., we can say almost to a certainty will thrive if placed therein, and many waters which possess such char-acteristics that we know that certain ish will not live; but when the waters are such that it is a matter of doubt

the correct way is to experiment. A new beginner can not expect to learn it all the first year, nor the second. The more he studies and experi-ments the more he will find there is to earn; in fact, fish culture does not differ from any other business in this respect. I have been working at prac-tical fish culture for about twenty-three years, and had it on my mind since the year 1837, and I find there is still a great deal to be learned and discovered about fish and how to raise them .-Seth Green, in American Agriculturist

# Training Domestic Animals.

Neither the horse nor any other do nestic animal should ever be made afraid of man. The horse or cow tha is afraid of its keeper will never thrive as will the animal that has a trusting onfidence in the hand that feeds an controls. In a well trained anima good behavior becomes a habit. It is just as easy for a cow to stand with her legs in the right as in the wrong place when she is being milked, and it is not necessary to continually pound her into submission. It is no hardship for a norse to pull a reasonable load or tro at a reasonable gait, and there is no ecessity for exciting his fears in order to secure the desired result. Let young mimals early learn that man is the friend, and that they have nothing to fear at his hands so long as they are well-behaved animals. - N. Y. American.

# To Renovate Feather Beds.

Fill a twenty or thirty-gallon cask with warm water. Put in a pound of haking soda. Do not use any soap, as it makes the feathers stick together. Rip open one end of the tick and sink the whole, feathers and tick, into the water. When clean run them through wringer. Sew up three or four sh put in the feathers and dry in the sun if your bed-tick is very thick and you feathers can not "breathe," oles in every corner, cut off a goo quill at each end, put in each hole and sew it fast, to keep the feathers from coming out, and your bed will be light and fluffy as new. - Detroit Tribane.

—The annual product of maple sugar in the United States is estimated at 40,-000,000 pounds. It would be much larger if farmers prepared for sugar-making in winter, so as to be in full readiness when the season opens .- A!

STORIES OF DUELING

The duel arose out of the ancient judicial combat, known as the trial by ordeal. One form of this trial was the Wager of Battel, which consisted of a personal combat between two antagon-ists in the presence of the judges. The principle of the trial was a reliance on the immediate providence of God to in-terpose to give victory to the innocent. The practice outlasted the principle. The practice outlasted the principle. The duel took the place of the judicial combat, and a point of honor, which sanctioned revenge and murder, was allowed to thrust aside an appeal to God. The motive was no longer to obtain justice, but to avenge an insult by

murdering the insulting man.

Dueling became so fashionable that a man, if challenged, had to fight or submit to social ostracism. But even in those days, here and there a man was o be found who refused to fight a duel brave soldier once refusel a challenge I thanked him, and taking the volume for reasons which were set forth in the to the dealer, I ordered it laid aside,

following lines:

"What, you're afraid, thee?" "Yes, I am—
you're right:
I am afraid to sin, but not to fight.
I am afraid to sin, but not to fight.
I'm not ashamed to own, I fear my God."

The absurdity of two men settling point of honor by shooting at each other was seen even by those who seconded

Two attorneys once fought a duel, and one of them shot away the other's oat-tail.

"If your antagonist," said the good shot's second, "had been a client, you would have hit his pocket." The witty remark created a general laugh, under the influence of which the

intagonists shook hands and made up. Two men, engaged in "satisfying onor," were so nervous that each shot wide of his antagonist. One of the seconds suggested that honor being satisfied, the duelists should shake hands. "That is wholly unnecessary," replied the other second; "their hands

The two English radicals and dema gogues, Horne Tooke and John Wilkes, once quarreled. Tooke challenged Wilkes, who, being then sheriff of Lonlon, returned him this masterly re-

tort: "Sir, I do not think it my business to cut the throat of every desperado that may be tired of his life. But, as I am at present High Sheriff of the city of London, it may happen that I shall shortly have an opportunity of attend-ing you in my official capacity, in which case I will answer for it that you ing you in my official capacity, in said; 'that's what brings the people which case I will answer for it that you out, and I'd give a good deal to see shall have no ground to complain of my him myself.' He smiled again. 'I'm endeavors to serve you."- Youth's

#### HOUSEKEEPING HINTS.

rrect and Incorrect Ideas About Ore

System in conducting a piece of work is absolutely necessary to its successful completion; but why will people insist upon misapplying this excellent, helpful force, turning it into a sort of tether or weight to hold them in a narrow rut of habit, of setting certain days for certain duties, and doing those duties upon those days, sick or well, rain or shine, even though the skies fall in consequence? Monday is unquestion-ably the better day to do the family washing; it is so pleasant to feel that it is done and off one's mind and ands; but is this satisfaction sufficient recompense for the suffering often undergone in consequence of cold caught by exposure to unsuitable weather to ttain it? Other work, which does not recessitate such exposure, may just as well be done if Monday chances to be stormy, and clothes washed on Tuesday, or any other propitious day, will be just s white and sweet as if washed on Monday. So in regard to other "set days" for sweeping, baking, etc. A broom and dust-pan kept handy in the hambers and used as often as needed, and no oftener, obviates the necessity or a set sweeping day, and keeps the nouse in a condition which you will ot feel ashamed to disclose to any on the larder will keep it unfailingly of cookies now, and two or three pies next day, perhaps baked while the dinner is cooking, as one does the standng for hours to mix and bake a great quantity of pastry on "set days. By the former method the food is always fresh, which is another adrantage to be considered.

Order and system do not consist in setting apart certain days for certain vork, but in choosing what one's judgment, in consideration of health and trength, and other contingencies, decides to be the best time for doing each duty, and then planning how to do the work with the least outlay of time at . trength.-American Agriculturist.

-They tell hig stories in Connecticut bout the skill of Andreas Wakeman, of Vista, a mighty hunter. One of the last is to the effect that the other day his dog ran a red fox into a big pile of While Andreas was trying to stones. capture the fox he spied a gray one in the same hole. He seized the gray fox by the hind leg and commenced to pull. The fox finally let go so suddenly that Mr. Wakeman fell backward, and as he ckward, and as he lay on his back, still holding onto that fox's lev, his dow and a big coon tumbled on top of him. The two foxes, the coon, the dog and Mr. Wakeman were all tangled up, but in the end the wo foxes and the coon were killed, and Mr. Wakeman and his dog were happy.

-A good way to find out whether eeds will sprout is to fill a gallon crock nearly full of mellow soil and cover with one end of a piece of muslin twice as large as the crock. Wet through ough with hot water. Sprinkle the seeds on the cloth, throw the other end of it over them, put half an inch of soil on top, and keep in a warm place for four or five days. Then turn back the cloth and see what you have. -N. E. Farmer.

-A good way to kill out sorrel is to salt the sheep on it. Care should be af pointaken never to allow the sorrel to seed, W.Corr. as it can be carried to other points in the manure.—Cleveland Leader.

HE MET MACAULAY.

American Morchast's Pleasant Chat With a Polite Old Gentleman. Not long ago I was talking with an old gentleman who has for years been in the iron business as a commission merchant in a Western city, who, early in his career, went to England to make a study of iron manufacture in conjunc-tion with a visit for pleasure.

"One day," he said, "I went to a Lontleman came in and began looking around pretty much as I was doing. We came together presently and soon were chatting pleasantly on books and other matters, and I told him who I was and what I was seeking. He told me he knew the work, and though it was rare, thought he might find it, and at once began a search through the racks, shelves and out-of-the-way corners, and finally came up smiling from because it was a sin against God. A a dark place with the book in his hands. and at the same time ordered the late numbers of Macaulay's works, which were appearing in parts and some of which I had bought in America.

"I told my new friend that in my es-timation Macaulay was the greates English writer, and that I had read every thing he had written, as far as I knew. He smiled pleasantly, and after a few moments' further conversation we parted, with the hope of meeting again. The next morning I left London for York, and when I had settled myself in the compartment assigned me I found my traveling companion to be the old gentleman I had met in the book store the day previously. I was glad to see him and told him I was bound for York, and he said he was going there, too. This pleased me and settled down for a good talk, for he was exceedingly entertaining and thoroughly the gentleman. We made no stops for some time, and when we did I noticed a large crowd at the station. "There must be some distinguished person aboard the train,' I said, 'an

these people are here to see him.'
"Possibly,' he answered, with a smile like the one he gave me the day before among the books, and we continued our talk. At the next station there was a larger crowd, and getting outside I asked what was going on, and some one told me Lord Macaulay was on the train. I went back to re

port to my friend. "Lord Macaulay is on the train," Lord Macaulay,' he said, with almost a school-girl blush, and I reached out with American enthusiasm and shook hands with him so heartily and earnest-ly that he laughed till tears ran down his cheeks. When we reached York he invited me to dine with him, and at the dinner he extended further invita tion for me to visit his home and his

### Confucius' Home Destroyed.

A recent conflagration in a remot Chinese village destroyed the ancestral home of the family of Confucius with all its contents, texts on stone, commentaries, wondrous carvings in jade and alabaster, priceless jars of porcelain, jewels and precious metal work; in brief one of the most remarkable literary and artistic museums in the world, containing as it did nearly every extant memorial of the great teacher. In that building, erected about 600 B. C., generation after generation, the heirs of the Chinese philosopher have dwelt in unbroken line for two

thousand five hundred years, bearing the title of Dukes. With every other family in China a nobleman's rank must always be lower than that of his ancestors, for no true Confucian would presume to stand higher than his grandfather, father or his elder brother. In the illustrious "House of Confucius," however, the lofty title of Duke pass chance visitor. A judicious watch up-unchanged, except when Emperor after ou the larger will keep it unfailingly supplied, so that an unexpected tax upon it may not be dreaded. One does not feel the work of making a "hatch" line of the famous philosopher.—Foko-

Australian papers just re

Australian papers just received announce the award of the National Gold Medal to Aultman, Miller & Co., of Akron, O., for their Light Draft Buckeys Folding Binder, as the result of the National field trial held in December last. The following, cut from the Melbourne Argus of December 16, 1886, giving particulars of the contest, will be of interest. The Argus says:

The field trial of respers and binders in connection with the National Show at Shepparton was held on Tuesday, the 14th inst., on Mr. Guthrie's farm, about two miles from Shepparton. Owing to the pressure of harvest work, crops in all directions being ripe, the attendance of farmers did not exceed 150, but great interest was taken in the proceedings. As at the late show, the judges placed the Hornsby machine first, M'Cormick second and the Woods third; the "Buckeye" representative disliked being left out in the cold, and demanded a field trial as provided by the rules, the M'Cormick also sharing in the protest; so the prines were held over pending the field trial. The crop was ripe wheat, and the land was so rough that none of the machines could show very low cutting, and the jolling over the hard clods was tolerably severe on horses, machines and drivers. Two o'clock was the hour fixed for the trial, but as the "Buckeye" was the conly machine then ready, a delay was caused by the Hornsby and M'Cormick experts giving their machines a preliminary run in the adjoining block of crop, and as start was not made until a quarter past three. The five judges gave great attention to their duties, and were ably seconded by the sub-committee, appointed by the society and the secretary, Mr. Harold B. Turnley, About two acres were allotted to each machine, and they finished in the following order: "Buckeye," I hour 19 minutes; Mr Cormick, I hour 26 minutes. The two to each machine, and they in the following order: "Buckeye," minutes; Hornsby, 1 hour 19 M'Cormick, 1 hour 26 minutes, latter machines were drawn horses each, while two light worked the "Buckeye" binder were. The decision of the indees

Clean Cutting.

Bee Blading.

Construction

Construction

on a Light

Freest Stop

pages.

Low Cut. 5 5 50 5 5 50 3 5 40 2 5 27 15 15 10 15 15 10 15 15 5 10 15 5  A MEAL FOR A CENT.

"Giv' us a cent, mister, for to git a

The correspondent had for some time been cognizant of a tugging at his over-coat. Looking down in response to the hail he saw a diminutive street arab, with a package of papers under his arm, who repeated, when he found don book-store to find a certain work on metalurgy I could not find in Amer-ica, and while there a pleasant old gen-ica, and while there a pleasant old gen-

"You can't get a lunch for a cent," said the reporter.
"Yes," said he, pointing across Ann

street to a little red booth; "pork and beans and coffee and a big hunk of "All for one cent?"

"Ce.t.: try it on yourself, if you don't believe, or ask any of the fel-

Handing the lad a cent the reporter stepped aside to note the result.
"Hey, Pikey," said the recent applicant as he went across the street at a

ound, "ketche l another sucker. As the reporter had reason to believe that he was the "sucker" referred to, he determined to investigate and went over to the booth. There was a neatlydressed man inside, and upon the visitor placing a cent on the counter and sking for a lunch, the individual handed out a plate of pork and beans and a cup of coffee, and what the gam-in had designated as a hunk of bread. In response to inquiries as to how it was possible to supply so much for so little, the reporter was told to apply to 125 Madison street. Meanwhile a large number of youthful spectators had crowded about the booth. The beans were excellent, and the coffee better than the average served in ordinary restaurants. As the newsman turned away the youngsters cried in chorus: "How much did he giv' yer?"

In the next basement, 125 Madison treet, the visitor was courteously reseived by Mrs. Lamadrid, who is the Samaritan through whose exerions this boon to the poor was estab was her reply to the reporter's question.
"The thing is not original at all. It has been in operation and with much success in London and it occurred to me that it might be made a success in this city, where the need is very great. I charge one cent for a satisfying meal, simply for the reason that the recipient not feel that he is receiving charity. Of course it costs more than that, but not much more, as we systematize it. Come out in the kitchen and I'll

She led the way to a roomy kitchen in the rear, and here was a large kitch range on which were huge boilers filled with coffee, an ample oven, from which had just been withdrawn appetizing pans of pork and beans, while an attendant was just cutting up immens loaves of bread into the "big hunks" which had excited the admiration of family, and I did it, and to this day Macaulay is one of my brightest and pleasantest memories." — Dramatic than you might suppose."

Times.

the almoner of the bounty of the charitable."

"No. All that has been done I have done at my own expense, and I have been able to plant a stand at Ann street and Park Row, and one at Bayard street and the Bowery. If I can get permission from the Aldermen, I will have ten more stands on city property, and maintain them ail the year round, giving the poor in summer oat meal and milk, or rice, or something of that kind."

"Then you have no society at your back, seeing the placards 'St. Andrew's' on the stands."

"No; I call it St. Andrews on account of the eighth and tenth verses of the sixth chapter of John, where Andrew suggests the feeding of the multitude. I thought that would be a good name for it. I have no one with me, and have had no one. If any one chooses to assist in it, we'll be good friends, but at present all I ask is permission from the authorities to put up my stands on private property. Gentle men have given me permission to erect them on their grounds."

"Are you sure that you reach the probable that your charity will be taken advantage of by those not worthy

of it?" "To some extent, certainly. I can't help that. But at the same time I am certain that no one who needs a meal need go hungry. We have a great many that come here, and I think we can generally tell from their manner whether or not they are deserving. The men we place in charge of the stands are discriminating, and so far as may be, they see to it that we reach the class we aim to benefit—the very poor. At any rate, if we don't do muc we can't do any harm. My husband calls it my hobby, but he is quite will-ing to indulge me in it. If you are go-ing to write any thing about it, say that we don't expect impossibilities; we have no idea of abolishing all want in a great city like this, but that while we are aware that what we do will be mere drop in the bucket, we claim the right to contribute that drop in this way, and if all the charitable people shall do the same to the extent of their means, the city will be surely none the worse for it."-N. Y. Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

-A few years ago at the auction of the property of Christopher Curtis, who died in Atlanta, Ga., an old Bible was bought by a citizen for one dollar. He put the book away and thought no more about it until the other day, when E. W. Curtis, of Providence, R. L. called on him, and said that the Bible had belonged to him, and had been oaned to his brother Christopher. The buyer at once gave up the book, and was surprised when Mr. Curtis offered him twenty-five dollars, saying that the Bible was one of the famous "Breeches Edition," but he refused to take more than the one dollar he had

—Mrs. Mulnooly (to drug store clerk) —Thot porous phiaster that yez sold me for me ould man was nigh killin' him. He couldn't get the teeth av him 'troo it at all till I fried it, an' thin it wa'n't much tinderer au' he's far fro well in shpite av it.—*Tid Bit*t.